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SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44, A. F. & A. M.: Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.
J. WASSON, W. M.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. O. F.: Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. J. CHARLTON, N. G.

HONOR LODGE NO. 38, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. ROSCOE M. W.

BLUE EYES.

"What makes your eyes so blue, my dear?"
The lover asked, in the spring of the year.
"The color I caught in the bosky dell,
Where the choicest forget-me-nots do dwell."

"What makes your eyes so blue, my wife?"
The husband asked in the summer of life.
"They show the hue of the ocean deep,
Where your measureless love in my heart I keep."

"What makes your eyes so blue?" quite low,
The father asked in the autumn's glow.
"Because the pure love of our children dear
Keeps them fresh and youthful from year to year."

"What makes your eyes so blue and bright?"
The old man asked in the wintry night.
"'Tis because they reflect the heaven above,
Where we shall continue our earthly love."

—*Fred A. Hunt in Chicago News.*

DOGS WHO OWNED HIM.

Stories Showing How They Possessed Their "Master."

Old Fop Who Ate Fruit—Small Fan With a Big Heart—Nora's Way of Prying Up a Window—Restless Fidget.

I have been owned by a good many dogs in the course of my life, and I am not a little proud of the fact. They say it is a good sign in a man when children and dogs take kindly to him. All dogs take kindly to me, and I look upon it as an indorsement of some merit in my character. The first desire of every well-balanced dog is to own a man. Without such a possession he is spurned by his fellows and despised by small boys.

All dogs know at once whether a stranger of their own race owns a man or not. Whether it is the hang of his ears and tail, or a general negligence about his personal appearance, or lack of confidence in his general bearing, I can not say, but certain it is that all well-fixed, or ill-fixed, dogs at once detect a manless brother bow-wow. The tramp-dog recognizes his fellow tramp-dogs, and consorts with him.

There are dogs who are tramps by nature, who will never stick to a master; but such cases, I am happy to say, are very rare—more rare than even tramp-cats, who, one would think, from their natural love of warmth and comfort, would jump at any kind of a decent home. And yet I am personally acquainted with several tramp-cats, and very nice, decent cats, too.

Some men think they own dogs, and perhaps a few of them do, but as a general rule the dog owns the man. For my part, I would not care two straws for a dog I had to own. I prefer being owned, and glory in my servitude.

The first dog I remember who took possession of me was a black and white spaniel, which my father brought home when I was a boy. It selected me at once, out of six children, as its master, and it clove to me ever after. We christened him Fop. He was not a fop, however, but a rather grouty old dog, with a chronic growl, which meant nothing.

I have never seen another dog with that growl. He would growl and wag his tail at the same time. He growled when he was pleased, just as a cat purrs. He was a most intelligent dog, and understood every word I said to him. There was no need of any motion of the hands, or even of the mouth or eyes. It was not necessary even to look at him to make him comprehend.

He used to be in ecstasies if I would allow him to accompany me in my walks; but were I going to any place where I could not take him, I had only to say, "Fop, go home," and he would sink slowly back, looking round every now and then with the most piteous expression, in hope of seeing some show of relenting on my part. Then, if I did relent, he would come tearing after me and whirl himself round and round, like a pin-wheel on the Fourth of July.

Fop was very fond of fruit, and would make excursions round the garden when the gooseberries were ripe and pick them off the bushes. In cherry time I used often to climb up the trees to pick the fruit (perhaps no boy ever did such a thing before), which I would throw down, while Fop kept guard below. He never thought of touching one till I gave him permission, but when I said: "Those are for you, Fop," he would pounce on the bunch indicated like a cat on a mouse, and gobble it up immediately.

Fop used to do many wonderful things, I am certain, though I forget now what they were, for he reigned forty years ago. He stuck to me faithfully for many years, and, I know, would never have given me up, had he not been stolen one day in the crowded streets. I never saw the poor fellow again.

The next dog, I remember, who owned me was a King Charles spaniel, which was so small that it could stand on the palm of my hand. She took possession of me; so I had to buy her for two dollars and a half, which was a pretty good price for a dog in those days. Though her body was small, her heart was as big as a lion's. She was afraid of nothing, and would have attacked an ironclad if it had come in her way.

One day I saw her run after and furiously assail a huge Newfoundland dog, big enough to swallow her whole like an oyster. As soon as the big dog became aware that he was attacked, he turned round his head, gave one look at the tiny aggressor, and then, with the magnanimity peculiar to dogs, walked on without taking any further notice.

Another time I took her out to walk across the fields to a place where they were building a railway bridge over a dike or ditch about forty feet wide. The roadway of the bridge was not completed, but a single beam of timber ran from the top of one bank to the other.

Over this I crossed, but my little dog Fan did not notice it. When she saw me at the other side, she scampered down to the water's edge, and after sniffing at it once or twice, plunged in and swam after me.

The middle of the stream was filled with weeds, and in these she became so entangled that it seemed to me she must inevitably drown. I had just made up my mind to jump in after her—for I could no more have seen her than a human being perish—when she managed to break loose and swim ashore.

out of the water she presented a most woful appearance, her long silky hair clinging to her slender body, her head and tail drooping, and her back all drawn up with the cold. I thought she would surely die, or at least forever after lose her courage.

We had two and a half miles to walk before reaching any house, and I at first thought of carrying her in my arms, but then I made up my mind it would be safer to keep her in motion. So we hurried on as fast as we could till we reached a tavern, and there some warm milk and water and a comfortable fire soon made her all right. A few days after, while pursuing a bird, she came to another ditch, but without a moment's hesitation, in she plunged and swam across. To my delight I found she had not lost one particle of her courage.

When I left that part of the country, Fan and I had to part. But I hunted up a good, faithful man, and gave him to her; and I am sure she treated him well if he only behaved himself properly, for she was a very kind little dog.

The next dog that owned me was a Scotch collie or shepherd's dog. How I came into her possession I can not remember, but she owned me for nearly two years. I was then living at a place on the Hudson, a rather retired spot a little way from the high road. One day, when I was away from home, a peddler walked into the kitchen, and seating himself at a table, demanded something to eat. My wife told him she had nothing for him, and requested him to leave. He then grew insolent, and said he should remain as long as he pleased. My wife then told him if he did not go she would call the dog.

"Oh!" he replied, smilingly, "call your dog. I'm not afraid of dogs."

My wife went to the door, and called: "Nora! Nora!"

The dog came bounding in.

"Here, Nora, turn this man out!"

Without a bark or a growl (Scotch collies never say much), Nora flew at the peddler's throat, and tumbled him over in the dust, for he had scrambled to the door.

I do not know what would have become of the rascal had not my wife called the dog off. As it was, the peddler picked up his pack and stick, and started down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. One day we were attracted by a furious and contiguous barking in a field adjoining my place, and, on going to the spot, we found Nora mounting guard in front of a woodchuck's burrow, to which the old woodchuck was trying to retreat.

The sagacious dog evidently knew that the safest plan to capture the game was to cut off his communication with his citadel, and call for help, so she stood there for an hour, barking, till we came. Nothing would induce her to quit the post, which she felt was the key to the situation, till we had secured the rodent, and then her ecstasy was unbounded. She capered and grinned and laughed, and said, as plain as dog could say:

"I did it. Wasn't I smart?"

Nora was a great excursionist; it was her only fault. I think she went to the different farm-houses round about in search of the companionship of sheep. On my farm I had only some ducks and chickens and a pig. And what are pigs and poultry to the soul of a dog accustomed to command a legion of nimble, curly-horned sheep on a wild Scotch moor?

Disapproving of Nora's roving habits I finally tied her up in a loft over a tool-house, and also locked her in. The next morning when I went to feed her, she was gone. She had gnawed the rope in two, opened the window, and jumped about fifteen feet to the ground. The gnawing and jumping, though acts of extreme audacity, were easily understood. But, to open the window, she must have thoroughly studied the subject, and put her nose to extreme physical pain in forcing it up. Nora disappeared one day, and never came back. I feel satisfied she must have been forcibly detained, probably by some farmer who had sheep and knew her value.

The next I find on my list of canine proprietors is a little half-and-half Scotch terrier and poodle. I first met her in a drug store in Orange, N. J., on a damp, drizzling, miserable night. I discovered her, wet and muddy and miserable as the night itself, cowering in one corner of the store. The druggist did not know who she was or where she came from. I addressed a few casual remarks to her on the state of the weather and her own personal appearance. She took possession of me at once. When I left the store she followed me home. I invited her in and gave her a good supper, which she seemed to enjoy heartily.

After that her kindness and affection knew no bounds. She was never happy, save in my society; and when I left the house for any length of time, which I generally had to do surreptitiously, she would rummage all over the establishment, from garret to cellar, exploring even the most unlikely places, apparently thinking I might be concealed under washtubs, on shelves, behind trunks, anywhere, everywhere.

When at last she reached the sad conviction that I had really left the premises, she would hunt up some article of dress belonging to me, carry it to my sanctum, scramble on to a table with it in her mouth, and laying her head down upon it, there wait till I come home. Poor little Fidget! How I loved that little dog!

We had christened her Fidget because she was such a restless little thing. There never was such a fly-about in the world. Now she would jump on a chair and bark out of the window at nothing: then she would made a dash at the cat, and roll her over and over, till she got in a rage and acted ugly, then Fidget would give a sharp bark and look at me fixedly for a few seconds, pretending that she had never thought about the cat at all. If I returned her glance she would begin to wag her tail, although, by-the-way, it was difficult to tell which was the right end of her, unless she was running, and then you only knew because you were certain that she would never run backwards. ... a muff, a bundle of rags, an old bonnet, any thing.

As long as Fidget was with us we always knew what our neighbors had for dinner on the previous day. She used to scour the adjoining back yards and gardens, and bring home all the loose bones that might be lying round, and deposit them on the mat outside our front door. One day I found there the whole skeleton of a turkey, two chop bones and a shin of beef, besides fragments of dried toast, buckwheat cakes, corn muffins and cold potatoes. It was the holiday season and the folks had evidently been living well in my section, and Fidget had been industrious.

I well remember her short bark of delight when I opened the door, and she directed one end of her body towards me, which I knew to be her bow, so to speak, from two little, glistening, brown dots hidden under a tangle of long hair, which I recognized as her eyes, and another little black dot between them, which represented her nose. I remember, too, the indescribable wiggle of her whole body, which passed with her for tail wagging, and the extraordinary cyclone of gyrations, till she gyrated herself off the top of the stoop, and with a yelp at each bump, landed sober, but serene, at the bottom.

When Fidget was not foraging round in the neighbors' yards, she frequently entertained her friends on the front stoop—all the ragtag and bobtail kiyus, as well as the aristocratic setters and Newfoundlands, in the neighborhood.

One day I was disturbed by a furious barking and general commotion in front of the house, and, on going to the door, discovered our rector's wife kept at bay at the front gate by a strange pack of hounds, comprising a spotted coach dog, a spitz, a black, shaggy beast of some unknown variety, and a small "yaller" dog, all friends of Fidget. The poor lady, I found, had a peculiar dread of dogs, so her feelings may be imagined, but my rage and indignation can not. To think of my visitors, and the minister's wife at that, being driven from the door by a ragamuffin volunteer guard of strangers. O, it was too much! I drove the guard away, punished Fidget, and apologized to the lady.

My children had a little wagon to which they harnessed Fidget. By patient training they managed to run their them round the garden sometimes without accident. Grown confident with this success, ambition soon followed, and they longed for a wider field of action. One day my wife sent them to the grocery at the corner of the street, about a hundred and fifty yards off, to make a few purchases. They harnessed Fidget to the wagon, and trotted down to the store in style and safety. In about fifteen minutes they returned, my son carrying Fidget and the shattered wagon in his arms, and my little daughter, with her apron and little hand piled up with burst and broken packages of groceries. That was the last time Fidget was used for the express business. They had loaded up the wagon, Fidget had seen a friend across the street, and there was an end of it.

I afterward removed to the village hotel, where Fidget's habit of inviting her friends into the premises caused the landlord some annoyance. One day she disappeared, and I never saw her again. I sadly fear there was foul play somewhere—kidnaping, or perhaps worse. Poor little Fidget! she was the last dog that ever owned me.—*Frank Bellew, in Golden Days.*

Killing White Grubs.

The larva of the May beetle, usually called the white grub, is the insect which most often eats the young potatoes, causing the scab or scaly appearance of the matured tubers. This larva lives in the soil three years, and the best means of eradicating the pest is to throw out the field from the rotation and turn in hogs to root out the pest. In relation to destroying insect pests generally, the application of salt must be excessive, so much so as to injure crops. Lime has no influence on soil insects unless applied in immoderate quantities, and even then there is no definite conclusion that lime will destroy.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

OCULAR ADVICE.

How the Human Eyes May Be Kept in Serviceable Condition.

Do not walk with your eyes on the ground; the gravel is apt to wear the sight off.

Never get up in the morning until you have first opened your eyes, if it takes you until noon.

Many a young man has a young woman in his eye, who will effectually impair his sight the remainder of his life.

Never throw your eyes suddenly to the hard pavement; you are likely to cripple them.

Do not try to look too far into the depths of the eyes of the young lady; it is certain to make you near-sighted.

When people tell you they see mischief in your eyes, you should go to an oculist and have it removed.

In keeping one eye on your neighbor, you should frequently change the eye.

I know a young man who permanently injured his eyes by trying to see the bald spot coming on top of his head.

Some men have glass for an eye. That is bad, but it is worse to have an eye for the glass.

It is said to be a good thing to "keep an eye out," but it is better to keep two eyes in.

Never strain your eyes in trying to see the good you have done in the world.

Other great oculists, besides myself, have asserted that the best thing for eyes is never to call another man a liar.—*A. W. Bellaw, in Tid-Bits.*

—Fifty Thousand Years Hence.—Professor of University of Timbuctoo—"You can perceive, gentlemen, that we are descended from this extinct animal called man, a half-developed creature whose tail was not grown."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Mr. Danaviarr consults his dentist. "Excruciating pain in your teeth, you say?" inquired the practitioner. "...rible!" "How often does it come on?" "Every five minutes!" "And ..."

THE COST OF APRONS.

Interesting Facts Supplied by An Industrious Young Woman.

A reporter who is luxuriating in his boarding house with a broken ankle was allowed to sit beside the sewing machine the other day by way of pastime. The instrument is run by the landlady's daughter, not so much for her own amusement as to augment the receipts of the house. As soon as the breakfast dishes are put away, say eight o'clock p. m., she sits down to her work and does not leave it until 5:30 p. m., with the exception of a half hour for luncheon. She is employed by a firm who make a specialty of white aprons for children. Aprons cut, and with the trimming by the piece, are sent to her in quantity. The material used is a thin sleazy lawn, which costs the manufacturer five cents a yard, double width, by the case, and a cotton edging at 1 cent a yard. Each apron requires somewhat less than a yard of lawn, including the strings, and 2¼ yards of edging. The thread used is No. 90 cotton, each spool containing 200 yards. This spool, with the addition of another which winds 5 "bobbins," makes 110,400 stitches of 16 to the inch. There are 9,824 stitches covering the 614 inches of sewing required in each apron, which has to pass under the needle bar 48 times. In making the tucks and hems 16 foldings are required before sewing. The outer layer of a No. 90 spool of thread has 148 winds upon it, and the thread is 1-60 of an inch in diameter. On the innermost layer there are 83 winds, and there are 30 layers in the spool. The thread is capable of sustaining a weight of 20 ounces.

If the machine does not "act up," but "works to a charm," as the operator expresses it, she can finish 9 aprons daily, for which she receives 60 cents. She returns them to her employers in lots of 6 dozens, and pays the express charges of 15 cents from her own pocket. The manufacturer sells them just as he receives them to the jobber, who employs other operatives to make the necessary buttonholes and sew on the buttons. They then pass into the hands of the retailer, who sells them to the public at the rate of $6 a dozen.

It does not require any very abstruse mathematical calculation to arrive at the cost of each apron. In very round numbers it is:

	Cts.		Cts.
Lawn	5	Making	8
Edging	8		
Thread and expressage	2	Total	20

Add to this the cost of buttons and button-holes at two cents and you get the figures. When it is said that the house which employes the landlady's daughter has in its employ under its own roof over 200 operatives who work on machines run by steam power, each capable of turning out nearly two dozen aprons each day, and has nearly as many more operatives who have their work sent to them at their homes, which are in all the towns and hamlets lying in a radius of fifty miles of that city, some idea is conveyed of the total number of dozens turned out, and when it is taken into consideration that the cost of them is $2.64 a dozen, and that they retail for $6, it is but fair to surmise that there is a "leedle brofit" somewhere, of which, it may be, the sewing machine operative get her fair share.

At any rate, these facts and figures, evolved while the reporter's bones were knitting and the landlady's daughter was sewing, are respectfully submitted.—*N. Y. Sun.*

DANGEROUS WIRES.

The Principal Cause of Fires in Telegraph and Telephone Offices.

"How do the fires behind the switch-boards in telegraph and telephone offices originate?" City Electrician Barrett was asked recently.

"By the electric spark passing from one wire to another and igniting the cotton covering, which has become frayed by use," he replied.

"Is it possible to prevent these fires?"

"Yes. A lead-covered wire can be used, and all damage of fire avoided."

"Then why don't the telegraph companies use that kind of wire?"

"Because it costs about four times as much as the other."

"What causes the electric spark to pass from one wire to another?"

"The spark or current always seeks the shortest route to the ground, and where two wires are close together, as wires always are in large switchboards, the current will leave the one which is the farthest from the ground for the other."

"How does this cause a fire?"

"The cotton covers of the wires are generally soaked in paraffine, and as this evaporates it leaves the cotton perfectly dry and inflammable. Constant use wears the cotton and leaves the wire exposed, and as the electric spark jumps from one wire to the other it ignites the cotton. As there are generally a great many wires with the frayed cotton hanging from their ends only a slight spark will ignite them all, and in a moment there is a big blaze behind, which unless extinguished at once, communicates to the board itself, which is generally of wood. This, of course, gives the fire a start, and after that you know as much about what happens as any one else."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Real Work of Art.

Boston Young Lady (in the country)—And did you really paint the barn yourself, Uncle James?

Uncle James—Yes.

Boston Young Lady—By hand?

Uncle James—Sartin.

Boston Young Lady (fetching her breath)—Think of it, a hand-painted barn?—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Of course I have no objection to your having a beau, Jennie," said the fond father to his marriageable daughter, "but you must not keep him so late. ...ing a fire running all night, lengthens the coal bill, you know." "That is ... papa," gurgled the fair girl, "but ... thought of that, and consequently ... economical with the gas. ... gas will offset the ad... ...ure in coal ..."

SMART SCHOLA...

Some Remarkable Information ... by Public School P...

The Alaginnis are mount... adelphia.

The Rocky Mountains ... western side of Philadelphia.

The first conscientious ... in Philadelphia.

A verb is something to ...

A circle is a round strai... a hole in the middle.

The principal products of the United States is earthquakes and volcanoes.

Climate lasts all the time ... weather only a few days.

In Austria the principal oc... is gathering austrich feathers.

Ireland is called the Emigr... because it is so beautiful and ...

The imports of a country ... things that are paid for, the ex... the things that are not.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, sold ... watch and chain and other milline... that Columbus could discover Am...

The Indians pursued their ... by hiding in the bushes and the... ing them.

Gorilla warfare was where m... on gorillas.

Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn and the lady scolded him.

Lord James Gordon Bennett i... gated the Gordon riots.

The middle ages come in betw... antiquity and posterity.

Luther introduced Christianity in England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November ... 1883. He was once a pope. He lived at the time of the rebellion on worms.

Socrates destroyed some statutes and had to drink shamrock.

"Bracebridge Hall" was written by Henry Irving.

Shakespeare translated the Scriptures and it was called St. James because ... did it.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wadsworth Longfellow, an American writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

A sort of sadness kind of shone ... Bryant's poems.

Holmes is a very profitable and amusing writer.

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the other end that nobody reads.

Congress is divided into civilized, half-civilized and savage.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

We have an upper and lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

The weight of the earth is found by comparing a mass of known lead with that of a mass of unknown lead.—*Mark Twain, in Century.*

WEIGHT OF A SIGNATURE.

A Wonderful Pair of Scales That Weighs the Hairs On a Man's Head.

In a Broadway store, which is a branch of a big out-of-town scale factory, are more different kinds of scales than most people imagine were ever made. There are specimens of every grade of weighing machines, from the big track scales that can weigh a railroad car full of pig lead down to a tiny balance so fine that it is kept in a glass case which could be carried in one's pocket. The smallest scales of all are made for delicate tests in assaying. They are adjusted to milligrammes and are so sensitive and so fine that an eye-lash can be correctly weighed on them. You can write your name on a slip of paper with a lead pencil and then find out just how much your signature weighs. The weights are the mere atoms of aluminum, not half so large as the head of a pin. The machine is so delicate that a little dust blowing in from the street might affect its workings, and it has to be carefully cleaned after each exposure. It is made of aluminum, platinum and the finest tempered steel, and people do not use it as a plaything as a general rule. It cost as much as its weight in gold.

Every once in awhile a skeptic comes along who doesn't believe it will weigh a hair from a man's head, and if the manager of the store has plenty of time at his disposal he will bring out the wonderful little machine and operate it. A reporter happened in the other day while the operation was going on. The manager took a slip of ordinary writing paper and weighed it. It weighed thirty-eight milligrammes. He then gave it to the visitor, with a lead pencil, and the visitor wrote "John Henry Larned" on it in a full, free hand. Then the manager put the slip back on the scale and fixed the little weights. When he struck a balance again he had forty-three milligrammes on the other side. The signature weighed precisely five milligrammes.

Then the man pulled a hair out of his head, and the manager found it weighed three milligrammes. An eye-lash weighed a little less than one milligramme, and a hair from his whiskers weighed five milligrammes.

The manager showed how easy it was to count the hair on a man's head. At the rate of three milligrammes to a hair there would be 8,000 hairs in an ounce. The man probably had three ounces of hair on his head and therefore 24,000 hairs.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Two of the wealthiest Episcopal churches in New York, Grace and Trinity, have determined to make their pews free to the public.

—There are now in the Presbyterian Church in Ireland more than 550 congregations, with 626 ministers and 102,000 communicants.

—"The Schoolmaster's Club" ... claimed Tommy, reading from the newspaper. "My jiminy! I s... like to go to his school!"

—There are 1,000 more min... the gospel in London ... ordained missionaries in ... the heathen and Moham... the number bei... spectively.

—God is ... All th...